

# Scarface

Young Jeezy

Yeah  
Who put this thing together? Me  
Yeah  
That's who, me  
(Gangsta Grillz)

Trick or treat, grind or sleep  
Goin' fed on the beat  
Mick be on the keys  
Plain Jane on the sleeve  
I fed the whole hood, I fed the whole town  
I'm watchin' Scarface and that's with no sound  
I'm boss-

All I got in this world (Yeah)  
Is my balls and my word  
And I don't break 'em for nobody (Yeah)  
Mr. Thanksgiving

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I'm a boss, boss, this is boss talk  
Bruce Leroy, might Crip walk  
Grab the plunger, nigga, 'cause I shit talk  
Ain't talkin' classrooms, I'm weighin' white chalk

We tryna live life, we tryna get right  
And when you get right, just keep your shit tight  
They tryna block a nigga, they tryna stop a nigga  
Your bitch switched up, she outta pocket, nigga  
Who can you trust though? Hey, where the love go?  
Hey bitch, I'm shell shocked, I came from crack pots  
I rep the have nots, yeah, I'm the mascot  
Can't break my old habits, still got a stash box  
Still tryna do better, still 'bout that whatever  
I beat the feds, hoe, that's right I'm too clever  
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Put the con in park, hop out, let stick off

They some civilian shooters, we whacked the big boss  
It's still a dirty stick, I wiped the prints off  
A real trap nigga, I'm talkin' brick talk  
I treat my dog right, I make my pit walk  
Hit it, make it sit tall  
Ordered up one ready, mostly hard, I left a zip soft  
In case he wanna practice, whip it till it's thick as batter  
Girl, as strong as Trish Stratus, I'm a fitness master  
Murder business bastard, snatch a nigga out his body  
Doctor Gee, Miami, niggas backwards  
But on IG they look like they turnt up  
They know not to post they whips in pics, it's gon' get burnt up  
Can't blame you for bein' a bitch, yo daddy soft, look who you learned from

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You niggas don't have the guts to be what you wanna be  
You need people like me  
So you can point your fucking finger and say "That's the bad guy"  
DJ-